

VANDALISM.

England Guilty of the Only Case in the History of the Civilized World.

The Capitol and Other Public Buildings Burned by Admiral Cockburn.

Value of Property Destroyed at Washington Aggregated \$2,000,000.

EXULTATION OF THE LONDON TIMES

From the Irish World.

The only case of vandalism on record in the history of the world is to be found in England's doings in America, and in the columns of England's chief newspaper, the London Times, it stands as a loudly applauded "splendid achievement."

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, an English publication, acquits the Vandals of the methods long associated with their name, in the following language: "There does not seem to be in the story of the capture of Rome by the Vandals any justification of the charge of the destruction of public buildings which is implied in the word vandalism."

This same publication boils down the whole history of the Cockburn barbarism to one sentence, as follows:

"In 1814, during the second war with Great Britain (at Washington), was captured by the British troops, and the Capitol, together with most of the other public buildings, was burned."

Perhaps the writer was ashamed to go into particulars, yet even in the little he writes there is disgrace enough.

Our war of 1812 was subsequently a continuation of the fight for American independence. When the first British soldier quitted the soil of America in 1783 the freedom of the new nation was an accomplished fact, but it was not yet in the full sense an independent nation. Benjamin Franklin, when a fellow countryman remarked that the war for independence was successfully closed, replied: "Say, rather, that the war of the revolution. The war for independence is yet to be fought." Franklin knew that England had not given up hope forever of re-establishing her power here.

It was with grudging that George III. and the Parliament of England recognized the fact that they had been beaten. Though compelled to acknowledge defeat and America's rank as a nation, they still insisted on claiming, "Once a British subject, always a British subject." On the strength of this doctrine a proclamation was issued by the British Government giving authority to the commanders of British war vessels to press into the service "British-born" citizens wherever found.

"In the course of fifteen years," says Lossing, "thousands of native Americans had thus been made to serve a master (England) whom they detested. The United States Government frequently remonstrated against these outrages and demanded their discontinuance, but without effect. No arguments, no remonstrances, no appeals to justice could induce the British Government to relinquish so great an advantage, and so flagrant and frequent were these outrages towards the close of 1805 that in the memorials presented to Congress on the subject of British depredations upon American commerce the impressment of seamen was a prominent topic."

The burning of Washington was not the only act of vandalism performed by England. In February, 1813, an English squadron appeared in the Delaware Bay which destroyed many vessels. On the 10th Lewiston was bombarded because the inhabitants refused to supply the enemy with fresh provisions. "It was," says Spencer, "in the Chesapeake principally that this discreditable species of warfare was carried on by the British ships. Cockburn was in command, and he rendered his name and character notorious on account of the numerous piratical incursions in which he indulged, the houses he robbed, the families he plundered, the wanton destruction of property he authorized and the shameful insults and injuries he inflicted upon defenseless women and children."

Frenchtown, Md., was attacked and plundered on April 29. On this occasion Cockburn burned and plundered the village to the amount of \$5,000, besides some ships that were in the harbor. Havre de Grace was the marauding knight's next object of visitation. On May 3 the English ships assailed the town by rockets, which set the houses on fire, followed by destructive bombshells, and while the panic and fire were raging the enemy landed. Finally the English burned and plundered the town and sunk many vessels. The "civilizers" next sailed up the Sassaparilla river, burning and plundering. Havre de Grace was \$80,000 poorer when they left than when they came. Georgetown and Fredericktown a few days later received visits from Admiral Cockburn and were deprived of considerable property. "These exploits," says Spencer, "were worthy of pirates and savages."

To continue, Cockburn's vandalism would only be a repetition of the foregoing. In Spencer's history there is one passage that is well worth quoting. It is as follows: "Great Britain was angry and almost furious (Spencer has reference to the victories of the brave Irish-American Gen. Croghan at Port Stephenson, Perry on Lake Erie and that of Benjamin Harrison at Thames), and the war henceforth promised to be one of savage raids and ruthless destruction." No truer words were ever penned. England had an abundance of ships and men unoccu-

pled, and she determined to strike a blow which should tell with tremendous effect and compel America to sue for peace at any terms. President Madison and his Cabinet began to fortify the national capital, fearing lest Cockburn would carry out his threat of the previous year to invade Washington.

On August 16 twenty-one sail arrived in Chesapeake Bay and joined Cockburn's squadron. One division was sent up the Potomac for the purpose of opening the way to the city of Washington; the main body ascended the Patuxent. After a victory from a small body of Americans at Bladenburgh on the afternoon of the 24th the English set out for Washington.

At 8 o'clock in the evening Cockburn entered Washington, which then contained about 900 buildings. "He came," says Lossing, "to destroy the public property there." As they advanced a solitary musket ball (the citizens of the city having fled at the approach of the fire fiends), was fired from behind a house, which killed the horse of Gen. Ross. The house was immediately assaulted and the work of vandalism commenced in earnest. The same fate awaited the materials in the office of the National Intelligencer, the Government organ, whose strictures on the brutality of Cockburn had filled that marauder with anger. Cockburn was about to apply the torch to this building, when he was prevailed upon by some women not to do so as it would endanger their dwellings. Cockburn desisted from this, but he caused all the type and other printing materials to be thrown into the street the printing presses to be destroyed and the library, containing many rare works, to be burned. Cockburn assisted in this work with his own hands.

The invaders followed the lead of their Admiral and rushed toward the Capitol. This imposing style, standing upon the brow of a hill overlooking the city in every direction, was even at that early period of its construction a building of unusual magnificence. Discharging their firearms at the windows, the soldiers burst in the doors and with a shout of triumph carried their leader to the Speaker's chair, from which, with mock gravity, he put the question: "Shall this harbor of the Yankee Democracy be burned?" A yell of affirmation rang through the hall, and without further preliminaries papers and combustibles were piled under the desks and set on fire.

Now thoroughly aroused to their work of plunder, a howling crowd of the desperate marauders hurried to the White House in the hope, perchance, of capturing the President and his wife. Finding the house locked and deserted, they battered down the doors, and consoling themselves for the loss of their distinguished captives by a ruthless destruction of the furniture; they raided the larder and regaled themselves with a hastily prepared feast in the State dining-room. Then, destroying the remaining provisions and ransacking the place from garret to basement, breaking and mutilating whatever they could readily lay their hands on, they concluded their visit by setting fire to the home of the President.

Meanwhile the torch had been applied to other public buildings, besides several business establishments and private residences, including one formerly owned by George Washington. To capture the stores in the navy-yard and arsenal was one of Admiral Cockburn's chief objects, but his plan was forestalled by Commodore Timony, the commandant of the navy-yard, who, in accordance with instructions previously received from the department, set fire to all the magazines, storehouses and shipping as soon as he was assured of the presence of the enemy in the city.

Fanned by the gust of a storm, the fires that had been kindled in all directions burned and spread with increasing fury, lighting up the streets with a glare more brilliant than that of day and revealing in ghastly, lurid distinctness the forms of the marauders reveling amid their horrible work of devastation. Higher and higher leaped the angry flames, growing ever greater and fiercer, reaching out farther and ever farther, until the whole city was wrapped in a sea of flame whose mighty glow illumined the firmament with a light that startled the inhabitants of Baltimore, more than forty miles away. Amid the crash of walls and the fierce roar of flames, bursting shells hurled their death-dealing fragments in every direction, while igniting powder magazines rent the air with explosions, shattering citizens' houses and shaking the city to its foundation.

The scene that met the gaze of the citizens as they turned in their flight to look back upon the doom that had overtaken their homes was a fitting climax to the terrible drama of that momentous day. Great waves of flame rolled and surged over the city, heaving and tossing in tempestuous fury, and lapping the black vault of heaven as though the very air were afire. To this sublime horror of the earth were added the thunders and lightnings of the heavens, that broke forth in unusual violence. As though infected with the evil spirit of destruction, the elements raged with increasing fierceness until the next day, when a terrific hurricane completed the ruin that the flames had left unfinished.

Overlaid at the terrible devastation wrought by their hands and the forces of nature, the British stole silently forth from the city on the night of August 25 and beat a hasty retreat to their ships. Slowly and mournfully the hopeless inhabitants returned to their desolate homes. The value of the entire amount of property destroyed at Washington was estimated at over \$2,000,000.

The Government and Parliament of England warmly approved of Cockburn's act. When the news reached England guns were fired from the Tower of London in joyful celebration of the barbarity. Parliament unanimously voted thanks to Cockburn and to Gen. Ross, his colleague in the work of destruction. Parliament also decreed that at his death a monument should be erected to Gen. Ross in Westminster Abbey, the burial place of men to whom England desires to pay extraordinary honor, and the title "Ross of

Bladenburgh" was decreed to the General and his heirs forever—Bladenburgh, a few miles outside of Washington, being the place where the battle was fought previous to the raid of Ross upon the capital and the burning of the public buildings and public records there of inestimable value.

The London Times exulted over the burning of Washington. "The London Times," says Lossing in his Field Book, "then, as now, the exponent of the principles of the ruling classes in England, and the bitter foe of the American people, gloried over the destruction of the public buildings and the expulsion of the President and Cabinet from the capital, and indulged in exulting prophecies of the speedy disappearance of the great Republic of the West. 'That ill-organized association (the American Union),' said the Times, 'is on the eve of dissolution, and the time is speedily to be delivered of the mischievous example of the existence of a government founded on democratic rebellion.'"

"In long after years (in 1853), when Cockburn died, the Times lauded him chiefly for his marauding exploits in this country and his 'splendid achievement' in firing our national capital," says the English Encyclopaedia Britannica, for his prominent part in the capture of Washington, on his return to England in 1815, "received the Order of the Bath; three years later he received the Grand Cross of his order, and was made a Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1818 was returned to Parliament for Portsmouth. In 1819 he was made Vice Admiral, and Admiral in 1837; in 1841 became Senior Naval Lord." This was the destroyer of our national capital loaded with honors, instead of obloquy, for his crime against civilization.

A BOY'S KING.

My papa, he's the bestest man
Whatever lived, I bet,
And I ain't never seen no one
As smart as he is yet.
Why, he knows everything, almost,
But mamma says that he
Ain't never been the President,
And that surprises me.

And often papa talks about
How he must work away—
He's got to toil for other folks
And do what others say;
And that's the thing that bothers me—
When he's so good and great,
He ought, I think, at times to be
The Gov'nor of the State!

He knows the names of lots of stars,
And he knows all the trees,
And he can tell the different kinds
Of all the birds he sees,
And he can multiply and add
And figure in his head—
They might have been some smarter men,
But I bet you they are dead.

Once when he thought I wasn't near
He talked to mamma then
And told her how he hates to be
The slave of other men,
And how he wished that he was rich
For her and me—and I
Don't know what made me do it, but
I had to go and cry!

And so when I sat on his knee
I ast him—"Is it true
That you're a slave and have to toil
When others tell you to?
You are so big and good and wise,
You surely ought to be
The President, instead of just
A slave, it seems to me."

And then the tears came in his eyes,
And he hugged me tight and said:
"Why, no, my dear, I'm not a slave—
What put that in your head?
I am a king—the happiest king
That ever yet held sway,
And only God can take my throne
And my little realm away!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

GREAT BALL GAME

For the Benefit of Mrs. Cox.
Both Teams Confident.
The Players.

All arrangements have been completed for the ball game tomorrow at the League Ball Park between Young Men's Division, A. O. H., and Mackin Council, Y. M. L., the proceeds of which, as has been heretofore stated in these columns, go to Mrs. Mary A. Cox, whose deserving case has attracted attention throughout the city. The joint committee of the two bodies has met with success and encouragement, and everything is now in readiness for a great benefit.

The First Regiment Band will furnish concert music in the grand stand before and during the game. Mayor Weaver is expected to pitch the first ball, and Jim Wolfe, the old-time veteran, has been agreed upon to umpire the game.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Thos. Keenan and Al. Strub the boys will ride to the park in hacks. Bud Hilerich has provided the bats and Griffith & Semple and Reccius Bros. have donated the balls for the game. Grimes & Garry, proprietors of the popular West End base ball resort, have contributed supplies of different kinds to the opposing teams, thus reducing the expenses to a low figure and leaving a big margin of the receipts for Mrs. Cox.

The rival teams have worked hard and earnestly and are in condition to put up the game of their life. The exact line-up will be as follows:

Young Men's Division—Kilker, c.; Yeener, p.; O'Hara, s.; Milligan, 1b; Kelly, 2b; Donahue, 3b; Halley or Cooney, l. f.; Cunningham, c. f.; Kennedy, r. f.

Mackin Council—Gleason, c.; Gies, p.; Schriber, s.; Ryan, 1b; Schriber, 2b; Curran, 3b; Shelley, l. f.; Flynn, c. f.; Weber, r. f.

Play will be called at 3 o'clock.

There will be a big crowd of Hibernians at the ball park tomorrow to root for their team.

GINGER REILLY

Fun the Police Used to Have With Him in the Tenderloin District.

He Was Very Profane, Very Religious and Very Quick Tempered.

His Thrilling Experience With a Sawdust Anaconda and an Alligator.

HAD TO BEAR THE BRUNT OF JOKES

A group of police officials whose paths are now strewn with roses sat in the cafe of an up-town Broadway hotel one evening last week and talked of the old days, when they were young in the police business. Every man in the group was an old-timer, and all had interesting anecdotes to tell and interesting experiences to relate, says a writer in the New York Sun. Police Captain James K. Price was one of the party. Capt. Price is now in charge of the Tenderloin, a district which he knows thoroughly. When Alec Williams held away there Price was his right-hand man. The story he related had to do with that time.

"In all my time on the police force, and incidentally the nine months I spent off of it," began Price with a grin, "I never met or knew a more interesting policeman than 'Ginger' Reilly. He was in the Tenderloin when Williams was there. Reilly has a good old Irish Christian name, but the boys dubbed him 'Ginger,' and the name has stuck to him since."

"He must have been hot stuff!" some one ejaculated.

"He was hot stuff," continued the narrator. "An Irishman by birth, he was as profane and as religious a man as I knew in the business. Reilly's profanity was a source of wonder to the men in his platoon. The boys would tease him just to hear him swear. He didn't mean to be profane, but it seemed to come natural to him and he couldn't stop it. That's the reason he was dubbed 'Ginger.' If any one had a practical joke to spring, Reilly was the man who had to stand the brunt of it. And there were a good many practical jokes quartered in the Thirtieth-street station-house when Reilly was there."

"For a post Reilly had Madison avenue from Twenty-third to Twenty-seventh street. The first year Barnum showed in Madison Square Garden the show hadn't been running a week when a rumor was afloat that an immense anaconda had escaped from the circus. It was only a rumor, of course, and probably originated in the brain of the circus press agent. Anyway, it was seized by a couple of Reilly's fellow policemen as a tip for a good practical joke on the Irishman. My duty was to see that Reilly stuck to his post. The proposed joke was unfolded to me and I agreed to help play it. One of the jokers bought a dozen or more yards of a dark-colored material and had it sewed in circular joints on the stovepipe plan. When the cloth joints were put together they measured about fifteen feet. One end tapered and on the other was fastened an immense snake's head, which was procured from a theatrical costumer. This makeshift snake was kept hidden for a couple of nights in a Fourth-avenue grocery store near Madison Square Garden. The grocer was well supplied with chaff and sawdust, of which he agreed to let us have all we wanted. With the chaff and sawdust we were going to stuff our cloth-made anaconda."

"Reilly was to be the victim, and we left no stone unturned to give him a good scare. A couple of nights before the trick was sprung the jokers talked in awed tones about the anaconda that escaped from the circus. Reilly was always an interested listener, and the boys got him worked up in great shape. He was especially interested as Madison Square Garden, from where the anaconda was alleged to have escaped, was on his post. The night the joke was to be played Reilly didn't go on post until 12 o'clock. When the midnight platoon turned out the Sergeant on duty read the following general alarm at my request: "Escaped from Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, now being held in Madison Square Garden, a copper-colored anaconda, fifteen feet long and as thick as a man's leg. The anaconda is a man strangler and very dangerous. If seen in the street notify the circus at once."

"The men went to their posts. Reilly relieved his side partner and was doing as usual a good straight tour. The cloth-made anaconda was in the Fourth-avenue grocery rapidly being filled with chaff and sawdust. When the job was finished it was quite a respectable serpent for one of its kind. The paper-made jaws were far apart, showing a glowing red within. At 2 a. m. Reilly was sighted on the west side of Madison avenue at Twenty-third street. The snake was carried into Twenty-sixth street and placed in the gutter near the northeast corner. A stout piece of twine was attached to the body near the head. The twine reached from the improvised snake half way across Madison Square Park, where that end of it was manipulated by myself standing behind an immense tree. I was to furnish the snake's motive power when Reilly hove in sight. I saw him coming up the avenue leisurely swinging his club. Unaware of danger or of practical jokes, he approached the southwest corner of Twenty-sixth street. The serpent was already moving at a good pace. Reilly had stepped into the roadway when he heard the rushing. Then he saw the open-jawed reptile making directly for him. He turned pale and yelled:

"Holy mother, preserve me! There's that ———— sea serpent!"

"He turned with a whoop and a string of profanity and started like a lightning bolt down the avenue. I cut across the park to Broadway and ran to Twenty-third street. I started east on a walk. Running like wild toward me was Reilly. He was really scared."

"Rounds!" he yelled. "I saw it! I saw it! An' if I didn't run the ———— serpent would have made me poor childer orphans."

"You've been drinking, Reilly, and I'm afraid I'll have to report you for being off post."

"The man that says I'm drunk is a liar, and I can whip him," yelled Reilly. "I saw that damn snake, or whatever you call 'im. I tell you he made for me, and when I ran he crawled into Madison Square Park. Och, them poor huns that's asleep on them benches! Sure it's the corpses they'll be when that laddybug gets through wid them."

"The upshot of it was I went back with Reilly, but I knew we would find everything peaceful. There wasn't any sign of a snake. To Reilly's great chagrin the sleepers on the park benches when awakened avowed they had seen no snake, and laughed at Reilly when he solemnly said he had been pursued by one. I left Reilly on the post and advised him not to make any report of the mysterious snake at the station house. When he reached the house, however, every one had heard of the snake. He was roasted unmercifully by the other coppers, who accused him of being drunk and 'hitting the pipe.' Several months later, when he learned he was the victim of a practical joke, he was furious. He swore he would whip the men who hoaxed him if he knew who they were, but he never learned their names."

"Reilly was the victim of a similar joke a few months later. It was in the winter time, when some one who was wintering in Florida sent one of the boys an alligator. When the 'gator reached the station house he was in a bad way from the cold. He was placed under the section room stove and every effort made to thaw him out. After a time he began to show signs of life. He was carried up to Reilly's cot and placed therein between the blankets. Reilly began to get ready for bed half an hour later. As was his custom when retiring, he knelt down beside his cot to pray. He always prayed in an audible tone and ended his prayers with 'God bless my enemies!' He asked blessing for his enemies this night and pulled down the clothes on his bed. As the clothes were removed the 'gator opened his jaws wide and gave a peculiar kind of a yawn. Reilly jumped back and swore himself blue in the face when the men in the section room laughed boisterously. Reaching over for his club he dealt the poor 'gator a powerful blow on the head, but put him out of business. Dressed only in his nightshirt Reilly ran down the stairs to the Sergeant's desk."

"Sergeant," he roared, "some rowdy put an alligator in my bed and I want you to see it for yourself."

"Up the Sergeant went to Reilly's sleeping quarters, but there wasn't any sign of the reptile. While Reilly was making his complaint the dead 'gator was thrown out a rear window. It was found in the yard the next morning."

"When Reilly was praying he was subjected to all sorts of indignities by his room-mates. As he would be about finishing, rubber boots, shoes, helmets and night sticks would shower about his head. Then he would swear regardless of the fact that a minute before he had been praying. He would start for the first man he saw throw anything at him and there would be a rough and tumble fight. Reilly could fight, too, and the man he tackled never got away without a couple of hard bangs. But that didn't deter the boys from placing stove coal, salt, pins and every conceivable thing in his bed when they wanted to have fun."

"As you would expect, Reilly was an Irishman from the ground up. Anything tending to better the condition of Ireland met his hearty support. Everything printed in the papers about the home rule movement at that time was read over and over again by Reilly. One day he came in the house from post and picked up a paper from the section room. In big letters at the head of a column was the caption, 'Home Rule for Ireland.' The rest of the boys were engaged in watching the dying moments of Nigger Jim, a faithful dog that had been attached to the station house for years, and who was poisoned by some miscreant earlier in the day. Reilly read a few lines of the home rule article, and then threw the paper on the floor, yelling loudly:

"Hurrah for Ireland! We'll get home rule at last."

"Before Reilly had finished Nigger Jim staggered across the floor and fell in a heap on the unopened newspaper Reilly had been reading. The dog gave a couple of convulsive shivers and was dead."

"Home rule for Ireland means death to terriers," said some one jocularly. Reilly got mad and insisted on whipping the man who insulted his race. He would have carried out his threat, too, if he hadn't been held until he cooled down somewhat. Nigger Jim, by the way, was buried in the station house yard and his bones now rest there."

"When Reilly was transferred from the Tenderloin he carried his belongings to his new post. He was very saving and wouldn't spend a dollar unless he had to. The night he went away he shouldered the mattress of his cot and started to leave the house. A couple of mischievous coppers stood on the station house stoop. As Reilly walked down the stoop one end of the mattress was slit open with a penknife and a match put to it. Reilly reached Seventh avenue before he discovered the fire. He dropped the burning mattress and jumped to the fire-alarm box on the corner. Then he turned in an alarm. You should have heard the way the firemen roasted Reilly when they learned why they had been called out. But Reilly didn't care. He was too interested in trying to discover

how the fire started. He never did find out."

"Where is he now, retired?" asked one of the listeners, as the story of Reilly was brought to a finish.

"Indeed he is not retired. He is still pounding the pavements in one of the upper West Side precincts."

APPOINTED POLICEMEN.

The Board of Safety Brings the Force Up to Its Full Quota.

The long needed increase of the police force of this city was provided for during the past week, when the number was increased to the regular quota—300 men. This announcement of the action of the Board of Safety was received with favor generally, the only exception being the carpet-bag gang who are now running the Louisville Commercial. There were a great many more applicants than vacancies, and it is conceded that the board exercised good judgment in both its appointments and promotions.

As a result of the increase there will be one more Captain, two Lieutenants, four Sergeants and two Corporals. Tom Maher, who has made an enviable record as a detective, was made Captain. The promotion was richly deserved. Maher is an old policeman, and is not only one of the best men in service in point of discipline, but is one of the most intelligent. Sergt. Sam Owens and Sergt. Andy Miller, both good men, were made Lieutenants. Corporals William Wales, H. W. Stone, John Dalton and Ed Paul were made Sergeants, and John Holden, Fred Richterkessing, Pat Tully, John Monsch, John Hess, William Pfeiffer and Ernest Bruening were made Corporals.

Corporals Mel Lapielle, Steve Connolly and Charles McPeck have been assigned to special duty. Dressed in citizens' clothes, they will be stationed in the residence part of the city. Sneak thieves in the guise of peddlars, petty thieves of all kinds, and the maliciously mischievous small boys are among the nuisances they are expected to attend to.

The following is a list of the appointments made: John Lincoln, James Savage, Pete McKenzie, A. F. Renz, George O'Neal, Thomas Nohalty, Thomas Brown, John Cronan, J. J. O'Connell, Dan Thompson, John Enright, Mike Barry, Ed Kassenbrook, Fred St. John, Henry Houghlin, George Weinhoff, Charles Cruickshank, John Fossee, William Fluce, Pete Hennie, Ed Moran, Jerry Camozzi, Robert Deutchman, Walter Smith, George Brown, John Snyder, Henry Grass, Ed Egan, Tom Moore, W. S. Hutchinson, Andy Harrit, A. J. Sheridan, Jack Kelly, M. J. Hollahan, John Wagner, M. J. Leamy, Dan Mullen, A. S. McDonald, Albert Beaucerle, Louis Meagher, James Heffernan, William Galloway, John Sheehan, Pat Keenehan, Jr., Peter Schupp, Joseph Lee, William Lawler, P. Mullen, James Faust, Henry Bloomer, Richard Fitzgerald, John Spahn, Andy Schneider, James Murphy, Ed Paulford, Ed Callahan, John Doyle, Henry Olges, George Howard, Dave Gibbons, Con Wickham, Thomas Connolly, Charles Wheeler, John Flynn, John Gorman, Peter Maurer and Philip Herbold.

All of the above are destined to make efficient officers, many of them having had experience on the force heretofore. Mike Barry, one of the new men, was favorably mentioned for the position of Chief some years ago, and will not be long in coming to the front, as well as many of the others. There are no better citizens than those whose names appear above, the Commercial to the contrary.

SHAMROCK.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Hugh C. Kelly is one of the most popular young men in Belfast. He is the son of the sub-Sheriff for County Down, himself a popular and worthy man, one of the boys, in fact. A sub-Sheriff for an Irish county is a member of some one of the favored families. How popular Mr. Kelly is and what his general standing is may be judged from the fact that he is Treasurer of one of the most important yacht clubs in the British Isles.

Mr. Kelly is a lawyer with a big practice not only in Belfast itself, but also in Downpatrick, the county town which is popularly supposed to be the burial place of St. Patrick. In its jail at the present time are confined the men who were concerned in the assassination of the Irish Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish, brother of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Under Secretary, Thomas Burke.

Hugh McGildowney is a scion of an old County Antrim house. His father is a patriarchal old gentleman, with broad acres and a handsome residence near Ballycastle, not far from the celebrated Giant's Causeway. He is a magistrate for the county and was a member of the grand jury, a body of county potentates which has been abolished by the County Government law recently enacted. Young McGildowney went early, like so many other members of good families of Down, Antrim and Derry, to learn the ship-building business at Harland & Wolff's. He is now one of the constructors of the yard, and will have charge of the building of the Shamrock.

On Sunday an enthusiastic public meeting was held at Killawalla, between Balinrobe and Westport. It was expected that Mr. William O'Brien would attend, but owing to the visit of the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. Field he was unable to be present. Large contingents were present from Aghagower, Islandeady, Partry, Cushlough and Ballybea, and practically the entire population of Killawalla were present. The contingents were headed by banners and fire and drum bands. The sectional differences between Irish Nationalists are not permitted to interfere with the meeting, Parnellites and anti-Parnellites co-operating with equal enthusiasm. The chair was taken amid applause by Mr. Patrick Joyce, of Hazel Rock House, an extensive grazier.

Boys' School Suits

The pleasantest place in town to buy them, the most to see here, the most attractive styles and at most attractive prices.

Knee Pants Suits as high as \$12.

Long Pants Suits as high as \$18, and as low in price as honest goods can be sold for.

Nice Gifts.

Choice of Football, Indian Clubs or Dumb-bells with each Suit, regardless of cost.

School Shoes, Shirts, Waists, Caps, everything a boy wears.

LEVY BROS.

Third and Market.

SPORTING.

Watch this column for the news.

Paddy Gorman, of Australia, wishes to box Tom Williams again.

Seybold of the Richmonds leads the Atlantic League in home runs.

Mike Sears, who has been matched to meet Jabez White at Birmingham, Eng., sailed for the other side on Wednesday.

It is said that Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne have agreed to meet in a twenty-five-round bout at San Francisco next December.

Frank Seale signed James Smith, formerly shortstop for Hartford and Fall River. Smith is said to be a fine infielder and a good hitter.

Spider Kelly, of San Francisco, has written a letter to Spike Sullivan, asking the latter to come to San Francisco and meet him in a limited round bout.

Ten games were won and sixty-nine runs were scored by the Baltimore in the series against the Pittsburghs, the latter players winning four games and crossing the rubber thirty-four times.

"Black Griffo," the colored pugilist from Cincinnati, who was vanquished by Otto Sieflof, says that the poor showing which he made on Saturday night was due to the strained tendon in the left hand.

It has been decided that the New Yorks will play the Washingtons at Weehawken next Sunday and the New Yorks and Brooklyn will meet there a week from that day. Both games are postponed contests.

Terry McGovern and Casper Leon have been matched to box twenty rounds at 112 pounds before the club donating the best purse. Mike Small, of England, is also ready to box McGovern either in this country or abroad.

The date of the bout between Johnny Van Heest and Tommy Hogan, which is to take place before the Louisville Athletic Club, has been changed to September 21, in order to give the men more time to get in condition.

Jim Franey, the former lightweight, who is to tackle Australian Jimmy Ryan before the Kentucky Athletic Club September 26, has returned to his home in Cincinnati and has already commenced his training for the bout.

A match between Kid Lavigne and Tommy Tracey has been clinched. The battle is set for San Francisco in October. In making his matches the sports world why Lavigne has ignored Jack Daly, with whom he has boxed two draws.

"Spike" Sullivan has notified Frank Moran, his manager, to withdraw the \$1,000 forfeit which he posted some time ago to meet Kid Lavigne. The reason Spike gives for taking down his money is that Lavigne has made arrangements to meet other boxers in preference to himself.

Although Kid Lavigne is the favorite in the betting in his coming contest with Frank Erne, which will be decided at the Hawthorne, Buffalo, on next Monday night, Erne's admirers are not backward with their cash. One Buffalo sportsman has wagered \$500 to \$800 that Erne will knock Lavigne out.

If Tommy Ryan fails to get a match with either "Mysterious" Smith, Dan Creedon or some of the cracks in the middleweight class he intends to take a trip to England. A sportsman has offered to pay all of Ryan's expenses if he will accompany